

KRS-One Lyrics

"My Life"

[scratched:] "Whatty a think makes up a K-R-S?"

[KRS-One:]

Skinny cat, young cat, with a knapsack strapped to my back
1981 before the crack attack
I used to let the Olde English 800 suds bubble
In the last car of the Franklin Avenue shuttle
Brooklyn, no doubt, Wingate Park, no doubt
Prospect Park I'm all laid out
Homeless, my gear played out and I know this
But I'm an MC I stay focused
I took the shuttle to the D and wrote my rhymes in a hour
Took the D to the E, last stop the Twin Towers
Sittin in the belly of the beast
In the World Trade organization, bein harassed by the police
I wrote my rhymes right there on the spot
New York City, 1984 corruption was hot
Cats sellin uzis out the Jacob Javits Center for a high price
Let me tell you 'bout my life

[Chorus:]

[scratched:] "The type of shit a young black man
gotta go through every day of his life"
[scratched:] "Hard times to live in
Wake up in the morning thank God"
[scratched:] "The type of shit a young black man
gotta go through every day of his life"
[scratched:] "Hard times to live in
Wake up in the morning" ... "Now it's my turn"
{"Listen"}

[KRS-One:]

Eighty-five comes in, eighty-six comes in
The marijuana with the cocaine mix comes in
High class hustlers, I'm takin flicks with them
My first songs Red Alert, he's mixin them
This a far cry from a kid sleepin on the bench
Now I'm V.I.P. in the club, this don't make sense
But it does, as I take daps and hugs
from cats that move drugs, they say "Kris rise above"
Everybody knew my style, Kris was no coward
I wanted to get in the game but my peeps wouldn't allow it
They'd say, "Read them books and write them hooks
Save our children, give 'em a whole new outlook"
So I did, I lived like any street kid
But I was handed 20 books, others were handed 20 year bids
Still they wouldn't sell to your mother or your wife
There was respect man~! Let me tell you 'bout my life

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]

1987 my career blowin up now
Me and Scott LaRock took the year growin up now
Me I'm just a private cat, whatever you perceive as live
KRS is as live as that
We the livet act, in eighty-eight, eighty-nine, and ninety-now
But them years be far behind me now
In ninety-one, no one can find me now
I chose the underground to rhyme where it's grimy, WOW
Rewind me now, 13 albums for you to see
Or catch me speakin at them universities
My mind stays keen, I'm hardly ever seen
I do a lot of work, just not in the mainstream

[scratched:] "Know what you need to learn
Old school artists don't always burn"

[scratched:] "Know what you need to learn...
KRS-One... don't always burn"